

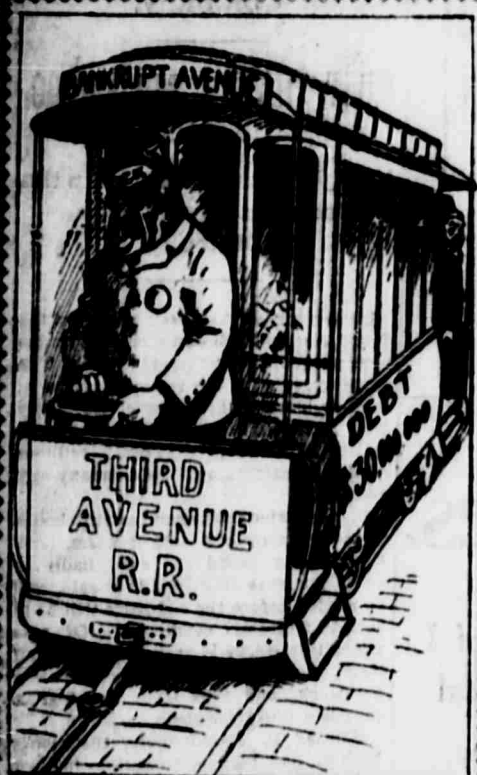
The World.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1900.

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DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL



With Flint at one end and Croker at the other this car has failed to meet running expenses.

WASHINGTON AND TO-DAY.

THAT George Washington was born 168 years ago to-day and that he died in 1799 are matters of biographical detail. That he lived to be the first and greatest of our nation's presidents is a fact that has made him the most widely known of our countrymen. For our National Ship of State and that he had the wisdom and foresight to speak, more than a hundred years ago, words which the wisest statesmen of to-day may read and ponder with profit—that is the reason we celebrate to-day and rejoice, as with one heart, that we had and have a Washington.

Two days ago The Evening World printed Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and it was the ablest editorial presented in New York, or anywhere else, on that occasion. To-day this paper offers in its editorial columns certain extracts from the Farewell Address of Washington. The topics of the hour, national and international, will nowhere be more clearly and becomingly discussed.

Interpreted as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliance, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced.

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle and of fatal tendency.

However combinations of associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be able to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of government, destroying at the very same time the engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Why forge the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?

It was a wicked thing, just as Tim Woodruff had said singing into the West, to start Gen. Fred Grant smiling on the Vice-Presidential cellar door.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Horses is unanimously against Assemblyman Phillips's Anti-Harsh Bill.

Every bark in the Madison Square Garden this week is a protest against selling the big structure for Post-office purposes.

Senator Clark can hardly have been prepared to find that he gave away the money which was to give him a case.

"What avenue line now to be leased." A good idea would be first to release it from the political blood.

The 50-per-cent. man will be less prevalent after the patients have been treated with the Sing Sing.

NO RED TAPES IN IT. The entire force of the Boer Army when captured this but seventeen telegrams from.

THEY WERE CHASING. The 50-per-cent. man will be less prevalent after the patients have been treated with the Sing Sing.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE AT THIS MOMENT.



PRESIDENT HADLEY, OF YALE.

President Arthur Twining Hadley, the youngest of the thirteen Presidents Yale College has had in the 90 years of its existence, will speak at the Harvard Club banquet in this city Saturday night.

President Hadley is a polished after-dinner speaker and story-teller. He began as one of the worst speakers Yale ever turned out. In his first lectures he could not look his audience in the face. He would break down in the middle and have to begin all over. Hard work, as in the case of Demosthenes, made him a finished orator.

President Hadley will be forty-four years old in April. He entered Yale at sixteen, an awkward, bashful boy, kept ahead of his class and was graduated as "the infant prodigy." He rides a bike, plays whist and is an enthusiastic golfer. He believes publicity could regulate trusts and that social ostracism is the proper punishment for the heads of unlawful trusts. At thirty he wrote "Railroad Transportation," the best book on railroads ever published. He is married.

Washington After a Century.

By Joseph Cook.

IDEAL son of Liberty and Law. And Father of safe Freedom! Still he prays At Valley Forge. He walks the blood-stained ways. The unborn nation as an infant saw. Ripe senates from his insight wisdom drew. New times exalt and clarify his praise. A hundred years he bears remorseless gaze Of History, which finds in him no flaw. His forehead broad as radiance from the light Which falls upon it from the Great White Throne. His wisdom was his Maker's, not his own. From God his sword and balanced word had might; Our measure of a man whom nothing mars. Nor less than angel now among the stars.

As his wide wings ascend the solemn sky, His hand yet sows the earth with precious seed. And signals guidance as the nation's need. He joins the immortal stately choir on high Which teacheth measure to man's liberty. The foresight of the seraphs is his creed. A service of the cherubim his deed. And Freedom's martyred souls in majesty Stand with him in the constellations vast. And ask how long man's lawlessness will last. He sees yet faintly dawn beneath him roll And knows what Cosmic Rain and Ray and Soul Can give it harvests and its hosts unite With bliss like his in Loyalty and Light. —From the Independent.

BEDDING FOR VEGETARIANS.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN invented the "vegetarian bed," composed, not of feathers, but of mosses, ferns, flowers, and hay. This bedding material, commended as healthy and health-giving by many doctors and others, has become famous in vegetarian circles, and deserves to be more widely known. "It smells like ozone," is the testimony of more than one physician, and many say that sleeping upon it "gives rest to brain and mind."

SAUSAGE WON A WAR. The success of the Germans in the war of 1870 was attributed by experts to the conveniently carried prepared food supplied by the sausage-makers of Berlin.

THE EVENING WORLD'S CORNER FOR COMEDY.

TALKING OUT OF SCHOOL.



Gentleman (to little sister of his sweetheart)—Don't you know me, little girl? Who am I?
Little Girl—My sister's last hope—Fleecing Blat-ter.

AWFUL.
"Why are the mules so restless?" Inquired the Boer commander.
"They have just heard that Hay has arrived at Pretoria," elucidated the subordinate.

HE TOOK THE BENT.
Jack—A penny for your thoughts.
Moll—But I dare not tell them to you.
Jack—Why not?
Moll—Because this isn't a leap year.

OUR GIGANTIC NATION.

By REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

NO doubt there are still corruption and dishonesty and shameful deeds in politics, but have we made no progress? Have we made no progress in civil-service reform since the days of Abraham Lincoln? Have we not made great progress in education even in my day? We have broken the shackles of the slave and kept our Constitution intact. Under our policy our domain has extended till it reaches from ocean to ocean, and already our flag flies over distant islands to carry liberty to the people of them, if we are true to our principles.

We are not a decaying nation, we are a growing nation. Compare America with England, France, Germany, or Austria, and see what nation can produce such statesmen as we have produced—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Seward, Chase.

Then there is the effect that religion and the Christian religion is producing in America. I know people say the Church is losing its power in America. I hope it will not be misunderstood if I say that it matters not that the Church is losing its power if Christianity is growing. There is a difference between Christianity and churchianity. If I may be allowed to coin a word.

We have the definition of religion as the obligation to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with God. But men have too often confused religion with the institutions of religion. Religion did not cease when the temple and the synagogue were torn down. Religion did not cease when the primitive church moved on to that great strong Imperial Roman Catholic Church. Religion did not cease when one-half of that church split in the great reformation. Religion will survive even though it pass through as great a transition as in the past. Religion is more than the



REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

building it occupies, and it is more than the tool it uses or the institutions which represent it.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Kissing Between Husbands and Wives.

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"AS kissing between husbands and wives gone out of fashion?"

This is what one correspondent writes me in a lengthy epistle.

And I have spent much time in reading and re-reading this letter, wondering whether she who penned it was spinster, widow or wife.

I shall answer in the same thoughtful vein



which pervades these written pages and say: "God forbid that so sweet and tender a custom as kisses between those who love truly and tenderly, as we all suppose husbands and wives do, should be dominated by fashion's rule!"

Such kisses can never go out of fashion, my dear, as long as time and the dear old world lasts.

The kisses between sweethearts are sweet as the breath of the new rose in the early June; the kisses between husband and wife are sweeter, holier, tenderer still.

Demonstration of affection, in public, even between those most happily wedded, is rare.

I am obliged to make the confession that I always doubt the love of a married couple given to pandering their affection before the world's amused eyes.

It would seem that they have little to offer each other in private.

"Do kisses last after the honeymoon?" asks this querist persistently.

If the love lasts no longer than the honeymoon, then the kisses cease, if they are to be taken as a reliable index to the state of the heart.

To some husbands the giving of a kiss resolves in time into the performance of a duty, instead

her heart with that supreme moment of her life.

Again his lips touch hers as they stand together, years afterward, at the deathbed of a dearly beloved child. And that kiss is a mute, yet soulful appeal to her to bear up and be brave.

Of all the kisses he has laid upon her lips in the years that have rolled by none were so solemn, so full of meaning as this.

The kiss between husband and wife may lack the clinging fervency of their earlier wedded days, but it is always a true barometer of the state of the heart.

Happy are the wedded hearts that have not grown old, no matter how many years of wedded life they may have enjoyed together, who have not grown away from the sweet, holy delight of greeting or parting from each other with a kiss!

Laura Jean Libbey writes exclusively for The Evening World, by permission of the Family Story Paper.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

LUCY'S PATIENT.

HER period of probation over, Lucy Armitage was accepted as a nurse in the big hospital. Her first severe case was that of a young doctor who had been severely injured in a railroad accident, and one of whose legs had undergone amputation. The case was a bothersome one. The young man did not gather strength as he should have done, considering his youth. He sank into a low fever, and drowed along through life, week in and week out. Lucy stood by him loyally, she endeavored in every way to inspire him to make a fight for life. But for a long time she could arouse no interest in him. At last she had an idea.

"I will make him fall in love with me," she thought to herself. "It will do me no harm, and it will help him to get well, and as soon as he is strong again he will forget all about it. The others always have."

This proved, indeed, the prescription of which the young doctor stood in need. He watched for her coming in the morning. He hung upon every word, exulted in her springing, firm step, was soothed into exquisite peace by the touch of her cool white hand upon his brow, and when he felt the grasp of her two strong hands upon his in hours of pain, it seemed to him that with her by him he would find strength to endure anything.

"It will soon be over," Lucy said to comfort her conscience. "And if I am clever perhaps I can get him away before he says anything to me. I hate horribly to face the consequences."

But clever as she was she did not succeed in her



desire. One day Dr. Hanson, convalescent, turned from the contemplation of the passersby on the street, and said imperatively:

"Miss Armitage, come here."

"Aren't your pillows right?" asked Lucy with feigned solicitude. She knew in her soul that the fatal hour had come.

"My pillows are well. But I wish to say to you a thing you have been preventing me from saying for days. You are a beautiful tyrant, but I will not suffer tyranny, even from the beautiful. I find upon consulting with my—my physician, that I shall require your services indefinitely. I want them as long as life lasts. I must take you away with me. I must have you for my wife."

Lucy had many times prepared in her mind the rebukes that she would utter in answer to these remarks. She would bring him to an understanding of the absurdity of the thing—for, of course, this was a piece with the rest of the absurdity of the world. But this is what she heard herself saying:

"My dear, dear, I knew you could not do without me. Of course I couldn't think of leaving you." And this time when their hands clasped it was hers that were trembling.

Then she laughed; she fairly shouted with laughter till the patients in the other rooms heard and smiled respectively. What mad absurdity! What a perversely amusing world! She had thought she would marry only a man of great physical superiority—she hated physicians! And she had just kissed a one-legged physician, and promised to be his wife.

"I was never so amused," cried Lucy.

"You were never so amusing, my dear heart," said her lover.—Chicago Tribune.

THE GREAT MORMON

TABERNACLE.

THE Tabernacle at Salt Lake City is, in respect to its acoustic properties, the most remarkable place of worship in the world. It is constructed to hold 25,000 people, yet it is possible for a person standing at one end to distinctly hear the sound of a pin dropped into a hat at the other, a test of its curious power to convey sound which is offered to every stranger who is shown over the building.

A CLOTH FROCK AND AFTERNOON GOWN.



The frock in this picture is of gray cloth with stitched plaits curving down the skirt and a considerable measure of strapping and stitching in slightly paler gray silk thread upon the bodice. Buttons of black enamel and silver finish a strapping around the bodice, that by pointed tabs pleasantly break the straight sides of the fronts, including a waistcoat of pale gray lace and pale gray chiffon.

The afternoon gown is in thin black cloth. It has a charming soft muslin and lace collar, and transparent undersleeves and lace yoke all in that twice torn. The swathed hand is of flowered white chiffon and the underbodice of tucked cream chiffon and tulle lace. The buttons, connected by the black silk cord, are in colored enamel on silver.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Unsubstantiated.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Belle is such a sweet young man. Of lovers she's a plenty. Her age? I don't exactly know. But think she's scarcely twenty.

I called upon her Friday eve, And begged her for a single kiss. With decent grace she said: "Dear Jack, I really cannot grant you this."

And smiling sweetly she then said: "I felt dejected and undone." "I mean—you are so stupid, dear—Why don't you ask for more than one?" J. A. B.

Who Will Christianize This Club?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will readers kindly advise a few young men in a way that will help us to select a suitable name for a social club? We have selected a few names, but we find they are incorporated in the State of New York, so we cannot use them. DANIEL J. DWYER.

Juvvenile Economy.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can some one tell me how a boy of ten years of age can live at the rate of \$20 per year, for food and lodging? C. B.

Story of a Girl's Life.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a young lady nineteen years of age, and during my short lifetime have had more troubles than I can stand. My home is unhappy. My father is not very kind to me; my mother is dead, and I am ill-treated by a cruel stepmother. I kept company with a young man for about a year and a half, and he was very good to me and I was happy, thinking my troubles would be lightened. But in vain! Later he does not come around to our house any more. He got tired of calling, being treated cruelly by my father and stepmother. I am discouraged with life. Please, readers, advise an unfortunate girl. F. B.

He's Running Yet.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
We haven't seen much of Aguinaldo (on the papers lately). Why is this? Is Buller's run the reason? Are not the runs of the insurgent leader more important to us than the victories (7) of England in South Africa? The first thing we know Aguinaldo will be after Com Paul (if it is possible for him to be after anybody) for alienating our attention. No one knows better than Aguinaldo that he must keep himself before the American people (and also the army) if he ever expects us to celebrate his birthday on the 23d. He'll have one consolation, though. If he doesn't "run" for President he'll First, all right. He is his own advance agent. C. E. FARR.

A Brutal Policeman.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A peddler with a cart was beaten by a policeman the other night. I saw it. He was denied an honest living. It is an outrage. What can these poor wretches do? This is a great country. Some people may call it "the land of the free." But not when people are treated like dogs and slaves. When will this begin to cease? It is the capitalists that are to blame, for they rule this country. Let us have protection for the American workman. J. H.

His Ward Lot.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I earn \$10 a week. On this I support my aged father and educate my fifteen-year-old sister. Generally I don't mind the privations this entails. But I am young and fond of amusement, and at times when I see my friends spending money on theatre, good dinners and fine clothes, and know that these things are denied me through no fault of my own, my lot seems unbearably hard, and I am in doubt as to my wisest course. In this mood I now write, asking readers for counsel. H. B. C.

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

New First Reception.
I am a young lady sixteen years old and I have just received an invitation to a reception which will be attended by people, and to no greater honor than kindly tell me what to wear and how to carry myself also if it would be proper to wear gloves? MARGARET.

If the reception is in the evening wear your prettiest frock, and if it is a formal affair your best hat and light or white kid gloves. Conduct yourself with amiability and dignity, and be as gracious as possible. Remember that it is the guests' obligation to try and make the affair go off successfully. After spending a few words with your host and hostess pass about the room and engage in conversation with your friends, taking particular care to chat a moment with any one who may seem to be alone or neglected.

THE GENTLEMAN.
It is considered that there is something worth of gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the coast between England and India.